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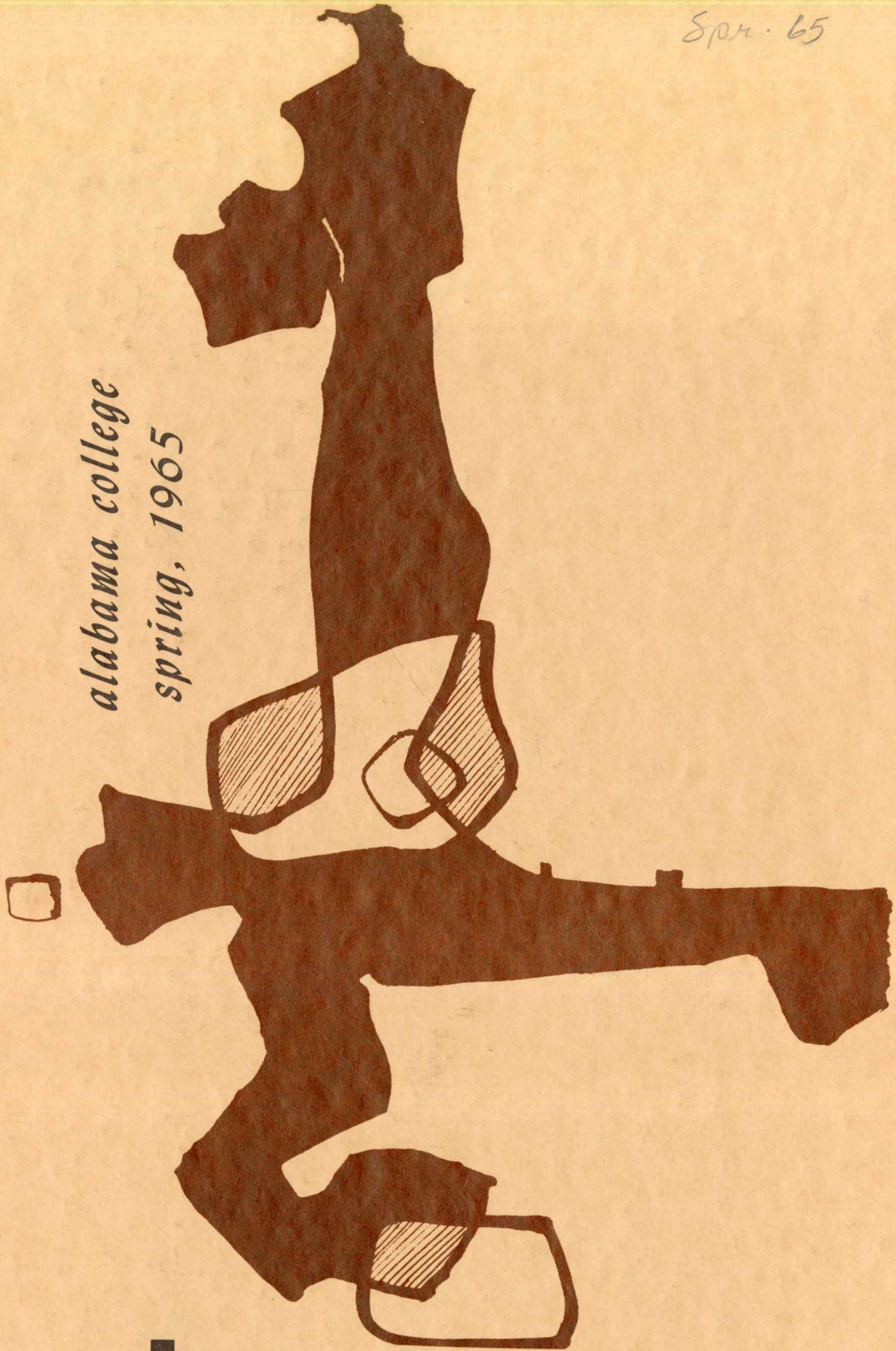

alabama college

spring, 1965

the tower

WHAT SHOULD WE SAY ABOUT THE DEAD?
(In Memory of T. S. Eliot, 1888-1965)

Should we speak soft words of praise
For him who has no need,
Whose subtle ear lies coldly deaf,
Whose song's his highest laud?

Is there not a consolation
In knowing his spirit lives—
Although it quit the transient clay—
And in his verse survives?

Yes! to know he will not die,
Who set his soul to song,
Better befits his memory
Than praise from any tongue.

—Tom Hubert

The Tower

Spring, 1965

The Literary Magazine of Alabama College

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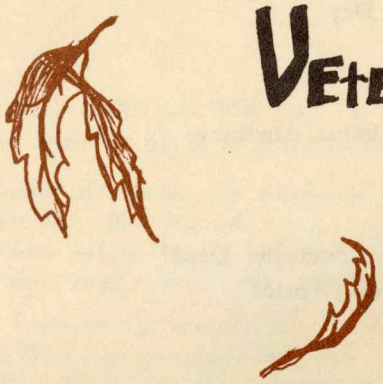
THE TOWER is published annually by the students of Alabama College. Editor: JoAnne Lancaster. Associate Editors: Sandra King, Buell Cobb. Designer: Larry Bishop. Secretary: Loretta Douglas. Business Manager: Jayne Byrd. Faculty Advisor: William Cobb.

Miss Posey's Veteran's Day



By Greg Henry

Miss Posey walked slowly along College Street, her high-topped shoes barely stirring the beautiful dry dying leaves. Though it was only fall she wore a heavy old rose-colored winter coat, pulled tightly about her neck with an old brittle hand. Her matching rose-colored hat was askew on her head. It wasn't that she didn't know about that; she was just too tired to right it. She smiled hello, as people passed not bothering to speak. Finally, letting out a long thin breath she stopped and stood sideways at the edge of the sidewalk watching people pass, her rusty old swivel moving with them. They all carried something and were hurrying somewhere.

Then she saw him—a young man walking slowly along, looking at the ground and kicking the leaves with his brown buckskin shoes. He was wearing khaki pants and a tan shirt with a red crest over the heart. So Miss Posey said, "Well, young man, where are you going all dressed up like that?"

"Huh? Oh, nowhere," he said.

"Well, you don't look where you're going you're going to hurt someone," she said, looking at him and beginning to smile.

"Yessum," he said, "I guess I might."

"What were you looking for down there?" she said, looking herself, as though she might find it.

"Oh, the leaves you mean. Oh, just . . . nothing. They're awfully pretty, though," he said. "But the winter won't leave them alone long."

"Yes, they are lovely," she said, watching him shuffle has feet through them now instead of kicking. "What's your name, young man; I don't like to call people 'young man'."

"Tom," he said, looking off above her head somewhere.

"Tom. Tommy. That's nice.

"Well, Tommy, do you know what day it is?"

"Day? Oh, day," he said, looking at her suddenly as though coming back for a moment from wherever he had been. "November the somethingth."

"It's the eleventh," she said, "but I don't mean that. What day in history is it?"

"I'm afraid I don't know that," he said, looking down and digging a toe into the earth.

"Veteran's Day," she said, "but I'm not surprised you shouldn't know."

"No?"

"No," she said, "no one pays it any mind anymore. They used to, though. Why, we used to gather up there at the court house," pointing roughly in the direction of town, obscured from sight now by the Modern Electronics Company building. "The whole town. And stand around talking and just getting on till the band came and all the boys got there in their uniforms. Then we had the parade." She cocked her head side-

ways as though to hear the band begin, and her eyes, twinkling now, seemed not to see the building at all, but to look through it at the parade which surely by now must be starting. "Then we would march down here with the band up front and the boys next, looking so grand in their uniforms, and all of us singing 'Over There' and all the others we knew, and by that time we were right here, ready to have the picnic. Just over there," she said, pointing to the huge college quadrangle full of oaks with a flagstaff in the middle, though there was no flag there now, "used to be the town square."

She listened again now as the music began and the boys tramped by her.

"Better hurry, Tom," they said. "There goes the first chime."

"Yeah," Tom said quickly, "I guess I had better."

They tramped on past now, not even looking as they crushed the leaves under their big shoes. "Hey, Tom's got a girl," one said, and gave the leaves a violent kick as he ran to catch the others. Miss Posey had been watching them and turned back to him now and smiled.

He almost smiled back and said, "That must have been real nice, Mrs. Posey, but I have to go now." He took a backward step, looking at her as though for approval.

"But I haven't told you about the picnic yet!" she said, almost reaching for him.

"I don't have time," he said, talking back over his shoulder as he went.

"But it's something . . ." and the rest was drowned out by the chimes sounding again.

"That's the last warning," he said, beginning to run. "It was nice, Mrs. Posey; 'bye now. Hey fellows, wait for me!"

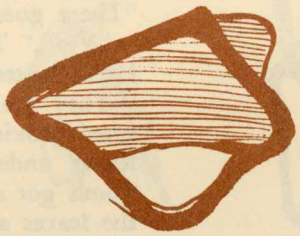
She still had her hand outstretched at him. As she watched him go, she dropped it. "Oh, well, it was a lovely picnic anyhow," she said as she turned and walked slowly along College Street, her high-topped shoes barely stirring the beautiful dead dry leaves. Though it was only fall she had a heavy old rose-colored winter coat, pulled tightly about her neck with a brittle old hand. And her matching rose-colored hat was askew on her head.

FROM THE MASS

Something there is about this town—
Rigid framework gaping from ground.
It's not the folks, although their mass
Puts fear in me as they pass—
Unceasing stream of bobbing heads.

I stop. I look. And what I see
Evokes a longing to be free—
Away from smog; away from town—
Perhaps in clover, lying down
Or in a row-boat, floating round.

—Jack D. Davis



TRIOLET

Summer comes in colors bright,
But Autumn—Winter—follows it.
Young lovers live in pure delight
When Summer comes in colors bright.
When airy youth has ceased its flight
All lovers must admit,
Summer comes in colors bright
But Autumn—Winter—follows it

—Greg Henry

If worlds must fall on worlds, as sure they must
According to a theory that has just
Been put to light: must man in that end too?
In end of star and sky be turned to dust?

If all discordant symphony and choir,
With crash of cymbal and sharp tongue of fire,
Tear down the earth—"untune the sky," must man
Stop singing them—cast down his lute and lyre?

Must he then say "This was my fated role."
And kill "the feathered thing perched in his soul"?
Consign perfection he so longed to know?
And lose eternal life which was his goal?

Because some careless clays decide to die,
Must man give up—what's done, then nullify?
What! Will he then not raise himself so high,
He will break free, or learn to tune the sky?

—Greg Henry

HAMLET: THE SOUL THAT SHIVERED

an essay
by Loretta Douglas

The greatness of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* lies in its ambiguity. There are many modes of thought concerning this play, none of them completely right or wrong. The idea to be conveyed here is best expressed in the words of Goethe, "Shakespeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it."[1] The idea of Hamlet's being unfit to right the wrong that has been done will be emphasized more clearly if the reader considers this analogy: "There is an oak tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar shivered."[2] It will be shown that Hamlet's task is difficult for a person of his nature and that in fulfilling his obligation, he brings about his downfall.

The reader soon sees that Goethe's oak tree excellently represents the great task that Hamlet must perform. A pure soul who despises the corruption which surrounds him must indulge in it himself. Of course, in the beginning, one cannot realize to what extent Hamlet must indulge. All of Denmark is infested with pestilence, the core of which is the sin which Claudius committed in murdering his brother. Hamlet, as King Hamlet's son, is the one who must cleanse Denmark. As the action of the play progresses, the task becomes more and more complex. As this complexity increases, the reader can see more distinctly the comparison of the task to the expanding roots of the oak tree.

Hamlet's delicate soul is seen as the costly jar which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom. Many scholars consider Hamlet Shakespeare's greatest tragic character. What, then, is his tragic flaw? He is a man of thought rather than a man of action. Hamlet points this out in Act I, Scene ii, when he speaks of himself in contrast to Hercules who was a man of action. This flaw is seen throughout the play and is a very significant factor in the plot.

Rather than take action immediately, Hamlet engages in endless reasoning and introspection. Before he can proceed, he reasons that he must ascertain Claudius' guilt. This, of course, allows Hamlet to procrastinate, waiting for the players to visit and perform; this delay, however, is not sufficient. After Claudius' incriminating reaction to the spectacle, Hamlet follows him and finds him alone at prayer. He rationalizes that he should not slay him in a state of salvation and decides to wait still longer for his vengeance until he finds Claudius in the midst of sin. At intervals throughout the play, Hamlet's frustration is seen in his contemplative, introspective soliloquies. This torment is especially evident in his famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy.

Is Hamlet to be condemned for being a man of thought or for his procrastination? Certainly not, for he is a virtuous, noble man, noted for his bravery. Upon a short analysis, the reader will better understand Hamlet's action. He is just beginning to face the reality of adulthood when his beautiful, idealistic world falls apart. Probably, as most young men, he has imagined his parents the essence of goodness and is completely disillusioned when his mother mourns only a short while for his father. This disenchantment is seen in his first soliloquy when he says of his mother, "A beast that wants discourse of reason would have mourned longer" (Act I, Scene ii, l. 150). He applies this disenchantment to all womanhood in the same soliloquy, "Frailty, thy name is woman" (Act I, Scene ii, l. 146). Being an introverted, sensitive young man, this is a very natural reaction. Viewing Hamlet in this light emphasizes the accuracy of Goethe's analogy.

Just as the costly jar would not have shivered had it borne only pleasant flowers, so Hamlet's soul would not have shivered had he encountered only pleasant deeds. The burden that is laid upon Hamlet is incompatible with his nature. He cannot fulfill his duty without destroying himself.

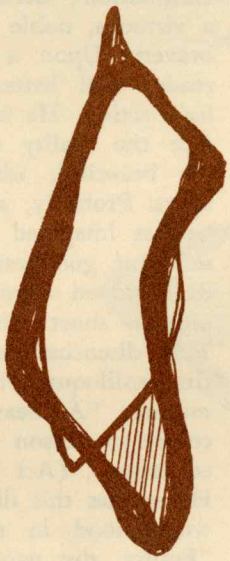
In cleansing Denmark, Hamlet soils himself. In the act of avenging his father, he murders Polonius, drives Ophelia to madness, and inflicts cruelty upon his mother. As a result of this, Hamlet becomes a scapegoat for Denmark. Through his death, the country is cleansed of her corruption. Thus in fulfilling his duty, Hamlet suffers destruction. The pressure of the great oak has caused the costly jar to shiver.

[1]Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Major British Writers*, ed. G. B. Harrison (New York, 1959), p. 236.
[2]*Ibid.*

of forced necessity

softly slowly slides a roly poly
across a shimmering pool of dew
pauses takes a sip, such a holy poly
to drink each morn a sun so new.

ant lions growl in a funny way
worms wrestle along the street
where they've submerged on a rainy day
to find a little drying summer heat.



minnows swim only in the shallow green
if you watch still quiet you'll see them play
but away they'll dart once you're seen
they go to play in waving water hay.

people play on grassy lawns of clean fresh love
and chase catch pant then tenderly touch
while the sky is sky-blue and always above
people will find time for the fun they need so much.

—Kenneth Eiland

THE QUARRY

I walked in the quarry,
and the quarry grew deep;
the deeper the purer the marble became,
until it could pass for snow.
But now the pumps had stopped
and the water came in
to stain and discolor and forever ruin
the deep white palace.
Statues and palaces gave way to flood control;
the dam would soon be finished
and I would never see my kingdom
or my palace
ever again.

—Ronnie T. Horton

Fog

I stopped awhile for loveliness
That wouldn't stop for me;
I stood and watched her cloudy host
File past—but could not see.

The sun was marching down the west
And shot its gilding rays
Alchemically into the mist
To form a golden haze.

I stopped awhile for loveliness
That wouldn't stop for me.
She came; I saw; she conquered
And shared her victory.

—Thomas Hubert

man must identify

Man must identify
Or else he's doomed to die
A death of loneliness,
Say those players of chess
Who manipulate the mind,
Checkmating what they find.

—Jack D. Davis

There were pomegranates in the sky
Bursting red

And flowing thickly spreading downward
Smoothly redly slowly
Spilling stick-warm.

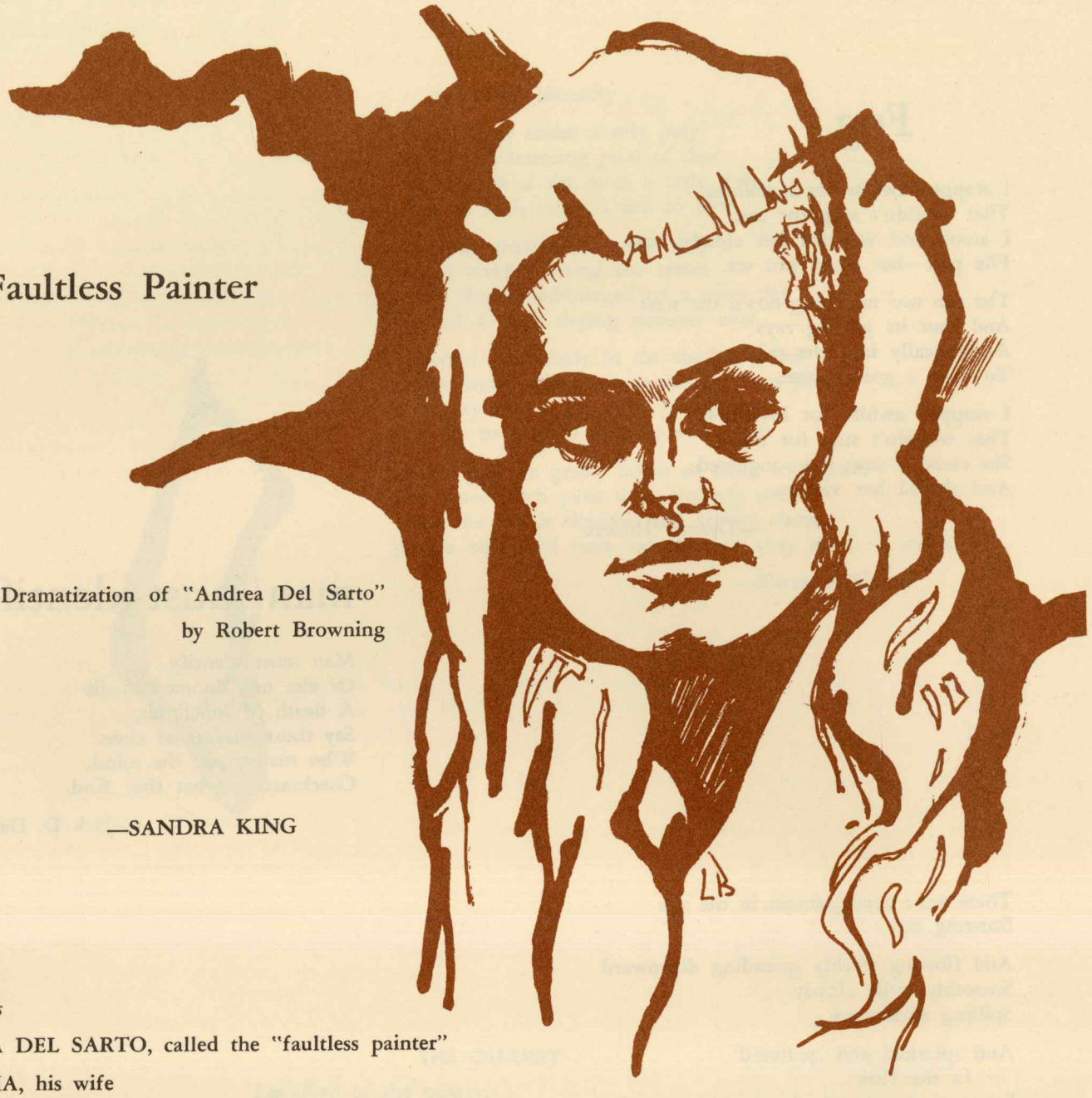
And splashed and spattered
in the flow
Existence drowsed in bright caress.

Horizons journey and zeniths
peaked
Bursting pomegranates
Towed in sticky wake
Turned downward thickly red.

Pomegranates in the sky
Bursting gala flares
Red then orange
Caressing existence in farewell
Gave way to somber blue.

—Carol Davis

The Faultless Painter



A Dramatization of "Andrea Del Sarto"
by Robert Browning

—SANDRA KING

Characters

ANDREA DEL SARTO, called the "faultless painter"

LUCREZIA, his wife

Scene

The sitting room of Lucrezia and Andrea Del Sarto. It is furnished in dark, rich colors, though there is no warmth. At the back center is a large, double window. It is opened to a balcony that is in the dark, and barely distinguished by the audience. Beneath it is an ornate window seat. Velvet curtains drape the windows. To the right is a table on which is a heavy silver candelabra, the only source of light except the moonlight from the window. In the left corner is a small loveseat. At right front is a sofa, facing in. Down left, almost in center stage, is an ornate little footstool. In front of it is an artist's easel. Scattered on the floor around this are torn or wadded canvas, a palette, and brushes. A waterglass is overturned on the carpeted floor. There is a door, stage left, leading out. The walls are generously decorated with framed paintings and portraits. Over the table hangs a gold-framed mirror, which reflects the flickering candles.

Time

Early evening, Fiesole, Italy, 1520.

As the curtain rises Andrea Del Sarto is standing facing one of the paintings on the right wall. It is apparent that he is not looking at it, but merely staring pensively. Lucrezia enters through the door left, carrying a tray with a bottle and two glasses on it. She is a blond of classic and flawless beauty, richly dressed.

ANDREA: (whirling and facing Lucrezia when the door opens) Ah, my dear! You startled me! I thought you had gone out.

LUCREZIA: (coldly) I did go out, Andrea. I went out of this room, into the kitchen, and brought some wine. I thought you might like a glass while you're resting.

ANDREA: (surprised) Why, er, yes dear. Thank you for your consideration. What do you want from me in return?

(He sits on the sofa, looking at her.)

(Lucrezia places the tray on the table, stealing looks at herself in the mirror. She addresses Andrea as she pours and carries him a glass of wine.)

LUCREZIA: Andrea, are you not yet through with the portrait I last posed for? It does seem you have worked on it so very long.

ANDREA: Thank you, dear. Ah, this is relaxing. No, I've not finished the painting. It does seem I have labored rather long; however--

LUCREZIA: (cutting him off) But Andrea! I promised my cousin you would do the five portraits for him right away! I've been delaying him as long as possible. He's become rather impatient.

ANDREA: I do not have the time now, my sweet. I've explained all this to you. Besides, I cannot accept the meager price he is offering. Has he not changed it yet?

LUCREZIA: (thoroughly vexed) I think the price quite reasonable. After all, he *is* my cousin. Why should one have a family if not to help them out? You know, Andrea, my cousin has had a dreadful time of it lately. (She laughs fondly) Poor dear, he's such a reckless cad, throwing away his money gambling all the time.

(Andrea stares at her in silence then gets up and crosses to the easel and sits on the footstool.)

LUCREZIA: Well, Andrea?

ANDREA: I am terribly sorry about the "poor dear," Lucrezia, but I'm afraid I must refuse. I cannot do the portraits now.

LUCREZIA: (stamping her foot and whirling around to face him) Andrea! You WILL do those portraits or I will walk out that door right now and never return to you! YOU WILL DO THEM and you will start right now!

ANDREA: Lucrezia, darling. (He crosses to her.) Let us not quarrel now. We quarrel so much. Please, my dear, I am so weary tonight.

(He places his hands on her shoulders, but she shakes him away and stands with her back to him.)

ANDREA: (in an effort to be gay) Now, my dear, really! I've never even seen this cousin. And you spend more time with him than with me. I HAVE to finish this portrait.

(There is a pause, full of silent tension. Finally Andrea sighs wearily.)

ANDREA: Bear with me for once, Lucrezia. Sit down and look at me.

(Lucrezia sits on the sofa and looks at him disgustedly.)

ANDREA: (quietly, with a slight smile) You turn your face, but does it bring your heart? Never fear, Lucrezia. I'll work for your cousin's friend. I'll accept the price he offered, and turn the money over to you to purchase the new gown you've been wanting. I'll slip the money into your hand the next time you slip your hand into mine.

LUCREZIA: You are very amusing, Andrea. Come, start on the pictures right away. YOU'VE rested enough.

(Andrea walks over to the window and peers out into the darkness, barely lit by the moonlight.)

ANDREA: I often am much wearier than you think. (Smiles) But I don't suppose you think of it much. Tomorrow, dear. I may begin them tomorrow.

LUCREZIA: (fixing her hair in the mirror) May?

ANDREA: If you would come over here and watch Fiesole and the moonlight with me, and perhaps place your hand in mine, as married couples should, ah, I could get up tomorrow to my work cheerful and fresh as ever.

LUCREZIA: Why waste the evening, Andrea? You should be working. Besides, why do you always want to look at the moonlight? Or the sunlight on the morning garden? Or something else equally silly? I think the wine has gone to your head.

(She rises, anyway, and sits on the window seat.)

ANDREA: Come tomorrow, you will be glad of this. (He suddenly reaches down and cups her face in his hands.) That beautiful face! My face, which everybody looks on and calls his!

(Lucrezia thinks he is teasing with her, and smiles.)

ANDREA: You smile? (He jumps back from her and looks at her as she sits posed, the moonlight streaming in on her.) Why, there's my picture ready made! That's what we painters call harmony! The moonlight, the twilight! That's it, the twilight! The grey of twilight covers everything. You, my dear, and I . . . (He runs to the window and looks out, almost delirous.) And Fiesole!

(The sounds of distant bells drift through the window. Andrea stands looking out the window while Lucrezia regards him with disgust.)

LUCREZIA: Andrea, what on earth are you talking about?

(Andrea continues his stare a moment then looks at her, remembering she has spoken. The wine has obviously made him a little bold.)

ANDREA: Eh? (walking down center stage) For a moment the whole seemed to fall into a shape as if I saw alike my work and self and all that I was born to be and do, a twilight piece. (pauses) Love, we are in God's hand. Strange, isn't it? So free we seem, yet so tied down we really are.

(Lucrezia has turned her back on him, and is looking out the window. She is obviously disinterested in this strange conversation.)

ANDREA: This room, for example, Lucrezia—(sharply) Can't you even look this way, my dear? You don't understand nor care to understand about my art, but you can at least listen when I speak.

(Andrea stands in middle stage and points out a picture on the right wall.)

ANDREA: See that picture there, my love. I can do with my pencil what I know, what I see, what I wish for. I can do perfectly.

LUCREZIA: (sneering) Perhaps your great talent was bestowed on you to compensate for your lack of modesty.

ANDREA: I do not boast. You be the judge; you've heard what is said of me. At any rate, I can do it easily, all of it!

LUCREZIA: Perhaps there are many others who do so also.

ANDREA: I do what many dream to do all their lives. Dream? Strive to do, and fail in doing. I could county twenty such on twice your fingers, and not leave this town. They strive, Lucrezia, you don't know how the others strive to paint a little thing like that on the easel now! (He walks over to her.) Yet they do so much less, as even Michelangelo has said, so much less!

LUCREZIA: I still fail to see what you are talking about. (She looks out the window, obviously not caring either.)

ANDREA: Less is more, Lucrezia. Less is more because, though their works drop groundward, they themselves reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me! My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.

LUCREZIA: Yes, you sit here while you should be working on the paintings for my cousin. He'll be by soon, and I should like to tell him you're at work.

ANDREA: (placing his hands on his face a moment in despair) Lucrezia, don't you see what I'm saying? Other painters have achieved what I never can, for all my perfect form in painting!

(He crosses to the window and shakes his head slowly.)

ANDREA: Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray placid and perfect with my art: so much the worse! (to Lucrezia, softly, resignedly) I know both what I want and what I might gain, and yet how profitless to know, no doubt!

LUCREZIA: (not really paying attention, but conversing to pacify him) I should hardly think it matters. After all, you said yourself others envied you.

ANDREA: Don't you see? (He crosses downstage and points to a painting.) There's a work of Rafael. I can fancy how he did it, pouring his soul through his art. The arm is wrongly done, see? But the soul is right. Still, what an arm! I could alter it, easily.

LUCREZIA: I think I may go out and walk in the garden.

ANDREA: You can't even hear me out. You can't even see that this is directed to you.

LUCREZIA: Me? What do you mean?

ANDREA: (facing her) Had you helped me, given me soul, we might have risen to Rafael, you and I!

LUCREZIA: (laughing) My poor dear, have I not given you all you asked, certainly, all you merited!

ANDREA: More than I merit, perhaps. But had you—with that same perfect face, the same low voice, these perfect features—had you, with still the beauty you gave me, but given me understanding!

LUCREZIA: Understanding, you say! (mocking) So now it's understanding he wants! I have gotten work for you; I have urged you to gain the position and esteem you hold today!

ANDREA: Yes, yes! But had you said, never care for gain! Live for fame, side by side with Michelangelo and Rafael. I might have done it, done it for you. Perhaps not.

(Lucrezia crosses her arms and looks away from Andrea. He is standing directly in front of her, staring down at her, tenderly now. He takes her in his arms.)

ANDREA: Lucrezia, why do I need you? Rafael had no wife, neither has Agnolo. In this world, who can do a thing, will not; and who do it, cannot. Yet the will's somewhat the power, and thus we half-men struggle.

(Lucrezia is passive to his passion. She moves over to the window seat and sits down.)

LUCREZIA: Are you so terribly unhappy with your lot, Andrea?

ANDREA: At the end, God, I conclude, compensates, punishes. It is safer for me, if the award be strict, that I am underrated here.

LUCREZIA: Oh, it does seem you could stop forever feeling pity for yourself, and get back to your work. (irritable) You have been restless like this since you returned from painting in the French courts, which was a couple of years ago.

(She stops quickly, for Andrea looks at her sharply.)

LUCREZIA: I shouldn't have mentioned the French courts; that's over now.

(Continued on Page 16)

COUNTING RHYME

Three motionless flies
Upon a green leaf,
Were watching the sky.

Two lovers were there,
Too happy for grief
To watch the flies stare.

One fly quit the leaf,
One lover met grief;
Three left—unaware.

—JoAnne Lancaster

KAUPHY

Eternal praise be given to
the greatest deity!
The god to those who labor long
in art and poesy;
Yea, those in Science call him lord
and live in his demesne,
All students everywhere give praise
to our great god—caffein!

—Daniel Gray

LINES

We say the next war can't begin
For "They" won't start what "They" can't win.
But do we ever stop to think
That rotten ships as well do sink.

—Daniel Gray

A HALF-WIT'S WHOLE-TRUTH RHYME

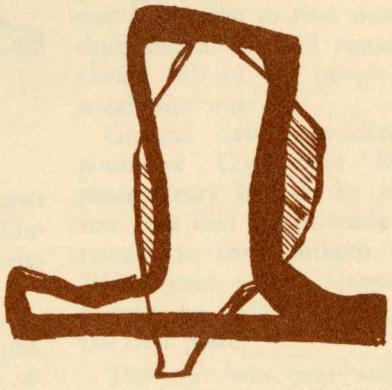
No doubt the half-wit's right
Who tells me that it's nice
That he's a child for life,
And I'm a child but twice.

—JoAnne Lancaster

HORRIBLE HURRICANE HILDA

Stronger still the stern storm stirs
With shining winds which whip wild waves
To fearful fury flung full force
Against a group aghast again
To see salt sea surf surge in so
And leave our land "alliterated."

—Daniel Gray



TRUE LOVE?

Lies Proceeded out of Truth,
For Love the service went.
Some said that Love would find great ruth;
Such things she would repent.
But Truth and Love went hand in hand,
Across a greening field
And knew what none could understand—
Truth does strange things, true love to shield

Love had to turn to Hate one day
Truth's noble name to save,
And all said, "Turn about's fair play."
"She got. 'Twas right she gave."
Then Love and Truth again joined hands
(Green fields were brown desert)
And asked what no one understands—
Must love be truth, when all the meed is hurt?

—Greg Henry

THY BEAUTY IS TOO MUCH WITH ME

Too fair your face and form, designed too well,
Beauty in you did not conceal her art;
Too patterned after Psyche to be real—
Too much of everything to win my heart.

Thy beauty is a surfeit to the sight,
As is the sun to the eye too long upheld,
And he who stares is dazzled blind till night
Relieves your face against a darkened field.

I pity you even as on thy face I gaze—
As what I witness deals me pleasant pain—
For there is too much loveliness to praise,
Too much to bear; but still I look again,

Then turn away, regretting thy beauty's excess
And deem a curse that which was meant to bless.

—Thomas Hubert

FIRE BUOY

Around they stand in couples close aligned,
As Castor and Pollux who in love unite
And own one life—two lights to grace the night:
They stand, as though by that same love designed.
It seems by magic, they are so entwined;
If one by howling fate should lose his light,
The other by the act is so inclined,
He dips his head—returns the other's sight.
And I alone and promontory stand
To guard some gray, if more important, coast.
And as I made to curse my cold command
An unknown form approached my lonely post.
I bent my light; revealed a lone form
We touched—It shined, and all my soul was warm.

—Greg Henry

Cooper's History of Almost Anything

The Civil War

Chapter 1

By FRED COOPER

The Civil War is a period in our history which we prefer not to think about, mainly because nobody can remember much about it.

It was fought in the United States in 17 or 18-something since there wasn't another site available, and everybody felt like it had been postponed too long as it was.

The war was fought between the North and the South on several issues but mostly on battlefields. It was a war which pitted brother against brother until the people who didn't have a brother objected and then they called it the War Between the States for lack of something else to call it.

Because everybody spoke the same language, both armies were on speaking terms with each other and therefore it became known, too, as the Civil War.

The leader of the North was a man named Abraham Lincoln. He was a great man, but he had a bad memory. He always signed letters and other things he wrote for posterity, A. Lincoln, because he could never remember which Lincoln he was.

He was a great sports fan and especially liked baseball and rail-splitting, a game that has since been replaced by karate. It was at a baseball game that Mr. Lincoln made one of his more famous remarks. He was asked what the score and the inning were and he replied, "Four scored and seventh inning." He later wrote a speech by the same name.

Lincoln had many generals and a few specifics, but very little mention is made of them.

One of his commanders once marched through Georgia which upset Lincoln to no end because the parade had been scheduled for Washington.

Lincoln's last commander was Ulyses S. Grant whom Lincoln was fond of calling Useless. We are not told what Grant called Lincoln. Perhaps it is best that we aren't. Grant was a bird lover, his favorite being Old Crow.

The President of the Confederacy was Jefferson Davis, but the real leader of the South was Robert E. Lee. Lee was Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army, which wasn't too good a job any way you look at it.

He had been offered the leadership of the Northern forces but refused, saying he could not raise a sword against his native state of Virginia.

This was a particularly wise thing to say since he was in Virginia at the time.

Lee had several generals, one of whom was named Stonewall Jackson. His left hand had been bitten off by a horse; therefore, he was known as Lee's right-hand man.

One of the greatest battles of the war was the battle of Gettysburg. This site was chosen because of its convenience to a national cemetery.

Lee's armies fought bravely and valiantly but were under too great a handicap since the war was being staged in the South in the hopes of getting some of the tourist trade. It was impossible to find shelter or food since the hotels and restaurants were always full of the people coming to watch the war.

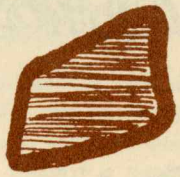
General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse because the peace treaty had to be notarized. It was here that Grant made his famous remark to the Southern commander, "Keep your sword, General," mainly because he didn't offer it to him in the first place.

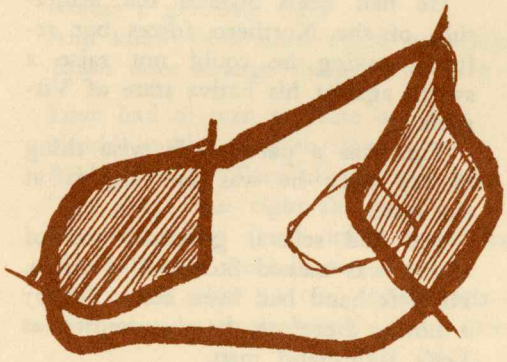
The war was over and everybody lived happily ever after except Lincoln, who was killed while watching a play by an English playwright, which just goes to show, you can't trust the British.

FIELDHAND REPRIEVE

Sweat on the brow of the fieldhand,
As he toils and makes use of the land,
tobacco and cotton, indigo and corn,
the workers rise in the early morn
to plant and sow and weed and pick,
No matter if you're tired or sick.
The cotton is pressed, tobacco is dried
corn is boiled, baked, or fried
and the after-harvest when all is done
the fieldhands rest, but not in the sun.
They sit in the shade under a tree
and drink white lightnin' that will not be
Smooth or slow or long remembered.

—Ronnie T. Horton





The sticky smell of hot bricks came faintly
As black dots crawled from the tangle
Of mirage-filled heat and sharp-lined buildings,
Quivered, broke, and reshaped like soldiers on drill.
A dog stood black and perfect,
Diminished by the emptiness and quiet 'til
A bell rang sharp and glass clear.
Two nuns, stepping into the Quad, hesitated
Before scurrying across hot bricks.
Their small black shoes twinkled and meditated
As heavy black habits swayed provocatively.
Far across the Quadrangle the first breath of chill
And time like a handless sundial passed at will.

—Margaret Sarah Hearn

CONCATENATION

It's said the moon is a mirror
Of the sun, who hence is the source
Of her bright-silver face.

But their own creator
Is the source of light for each,
And charter of their courses.

And as the moon to sun
Is linked, so is rain to cloud
And plant to earth. But all

Are joined at last to one:
He who wrought the Chain,
The Blacksmith man calls God.

—Thomas Hubert

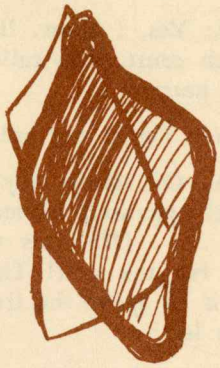
MAN: A SURVEY

In the beginning there was a space,
In the end there was a place.
wherein,
man might dwell.

The garden of vineyards and orchards.
the beginning of Barbarian Hoards
whereby,
man might linger.

the battle of swords and spears,
the rattle of tanks, the soldier in tears
whereby,
man might rule.

The age of space and missiles,
the rage of rockets docile
forewarns of time before
man,
peace



—Ronnie T. Horton

APART

You ask me what I did when you were gone
And how I fared when we were then apart.
I'll tell you dear: I walked without a sun
Into the brightest day; with love-filled heart
Felt empty, a load so light I could not bear
It; lips athirst for yours I drank, but still
Was dry; and nostrils starved for your sweet air
I sucked in flowered scents,—without my fill.

You ask me if I missed you—this I'll tell you dear:
I missed my very world till you again were near.

—Thomas Hubert

The Faultless Painter

(Continued from Page 10)

ANDREA And why shouldn't I be restless since that time? I was doing my best work in the court of Francis, until you begged me to return. And why? So I could build this house with the money Francis entrusted me with!

LUCREZIA: It is done and past, Andrea.

ANDREA: Yes, I know. It had to end, my life in the French court. You called me, and I came home to your heart.

LUCREZIA: Let us not talk of it any more.

ANDREA: Of course, my dear. (He walks again to Rafael's picture.) Indeed, the arm is wrong. I hardly dare . . . (He runs to easel and gets a pencil.) Aye, but the soul! The soul! Still, why should I care if he spoke the truth when he said they do so much less?

LUCREZIA: Who, Andrea? (looking out the window)

ANDREA: Who! Why, Michelangelo, I just told you. Do you already forget words like those?

LUCREZIA: Really, I think you should be working.

ANDREA: If you would sit with me every night I should work better, my love.

LUCREZIA: The way you are talking, you *can't* work better. Perfection is the highest man can attain.

ANDREA: (smiling at her "joke") I mean that I should earn more, give you more.

(Suddenly a sharp whistle pierces the air, coming through the window. Lucrezia jumps quickly to her feet, runs to the mirror and begins fixing her hair.)

LUCREZIA: (suddenly gay) That is my cousin again, Andrea. I have to see him now.

ANDREA: (grim) Oh? I shall go with you, and talk with him about the pictures for his friend. I have been wanting to see him.

LUCREZIA: No. You see, he wants to see me alone. About—about some gambling debts I've been helping him with.

ANDREA: I see. Very well, then go. I'll sit the remainder of the evening out, idle, you call it, and muse perfectly how I could paint, were I but back in France.

LUCREZIA: I should think you'd be working while I'm gone.

ANDREA: Tomorrow. Then I'll satisfy your friend, and accept the meager thirteen scudi. Does that please you?

(Andrea looks out the window, perhaps trying to see the "cousin". He turns his back to Lucrezia.)

ANDREA: Ah, but what does he, the cousin! What does he do to please you more?

(Lucrezia is still looking in the mirror, fixing her hair. Andrea is addressing her, but she isn't listening.)

ANDREA: I am grown peaceful as old age tonight. (He sits on the window seat.) I regret little, I would change still less. The very wrong to Francis—it is true I took his coin, was tempted and complied, and built this house and sinned. (He looks at Lucrezia.) You asked me had you not given me enough? Yes, you loved me quite enough, it seems tonight. This must suffice me here. (He stands and runs his fingers through his hair, wearily.) In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance. Four great walls in the New Jerusalem, meted on each side by the angel's reed, for Leonard, Rafael, Michelangelo, and me to cover—the first three without a wife, while I have mine! So—still they overcome because there's still you, Lucrezia, as I choose.

(There is a moment of silence. Lucrezia stops playing with her hair and faces Andrea.)

LUCREZIA: Yes? You were saying something, dear?

(The whistle is heard again offstage.)

ANDREA: (sitting down, his face completely expressionless) No, I wasn't saying anything. The cousin's whistle again! Go, my love.

Lucrezia crosses over to the door and exits, humming. Andrea doesn't look at her, but continues his expressionless stare as THE CURTAIN FALLS.

TIMES PRINTING CO.
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

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